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VOL. 5. NO. 117

VANITY FAIR

Saturday,

MARCH 22,

1862.

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WAR OF OUR GREAT REBELLION.

We hope that before the end of 1862 we may be restored to communion with many friends and "fellow-countrymen" (as Judge Pettigru, in Charleston, has just called us) in the South—men who have been forced to submit to the conspiring minority. We long to testify to this venerable and distinguished patriot, and to all who hold like faith, how dearly we prize the bonds which connect us with them, and how lovingly we shall receive them to our hearts when "this tyranny shall be overpast."

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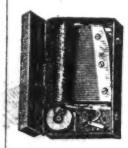

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PIETY AND POCKETS.

The most sublime mystification seems to prevail among weak-minded philanthropists, concerning the Object of the War. We had fancied it a simple thing enough: The Maintenance of the Constitution and the Laws; a most excellent object, and eminently worthy of the blood and treasure that have been poured out so liberally by the people.

But there be those who see very different results to be gained. Some think that this is the Object:

But we beg leave to differ most emphatically. The Gorilla of the cotton-field is doubtless an interesting creature, ethnologically considered, but his comfort and recreation are not worth the disbursement of over a Million *per diem*, and the slaying of the very flower of our generation.

Nevertheless, he must be taken into the account, indirectly. At Port Royal, Massa ran away, and CUFFEE remained. He gathered the then growing cotton, received and spent the wages due him therefor, and is now naked and hungry. *Qu' à faire?* He mustn't starve. We don't owe him anything. There is no work for him. Get that into a syllogism if you can, and send the deduction to General BUTLER without delay. The question has sorely puzzled our military and our governmental rulers.

Pious people, however, are different from other people, and what baffles the science of governors and warriors, is as plain as the Pentateuch to AMINADAB SLEEK. It does not surprise us, therefore, to learn that AMINADAB has settled the whole Port Royal Contraband question, vastly to his satisfaction, and is at this moment throwing dust in governmental eyes, with a view to getting official recognition and assistance.

As the Nigger at Port Royal is hungry and cold, it is proposed to save his soul. AMINADAB can save it, if Government will let him ....and pay him for it. That seems to be the rub. Government wants AMINADAB to stand the shot, offering him free transportation and army rations only.

Pending this, AMINADAB has invited Young Men, generally, to examine the brilliant chances presented. Meetings are held, and collections taken up....we don't know for what, precisely....and finally, a number of the Young Men appealed to present themselves before a dreadful Committee of Examination, who are to decide whether or no they can save the Nigger's soul without costing AMINADAB anything.

"Are you a Baptist?" ask the Committee.

If not "what church do you belong to?"

If none, you can go.

Next, "Could you teach a Sabbath school?"

And finally, "What rate of remuneration do you expect?"

The Young Men who pass this examination favorably are very few.

It has occurred to us to know some facts connected with individual cases. A physician, a man of capacity, and one generally acknowledged to be a valuable person for the work of managing, directing, and taking care of the contrabands, was rejected because he "had once belonged to the Presbyterian Church, but either they were too fast for him or he was too fast for them, and he had not kept up the relation."

Another man, perfectly honest and capable, "had never taught Sabbath school, but thought he might." He was rejected because he was not a church member.

As this gentleman retired, he fell into conversation with an accepted candidate, who told him that he, the successful one, "came near making a baulk of it." He had got along bravely till the question about remuneration came up. Hesitating, while thinking what he ought to receive, he saw a clerical friend on the Committee *winking at him*. "O," said the candidate, "I care nothing about remuneration. That is not my object." He passed at once.

Now then; this philanthropic gang wish Government to pay Twelve Hundred Dollars *per annum* to its Committee, as remuneration for each young man who goes out to save souls. The Committee, however, will fix the salaries of the soul-savers "according to ability." Who pockets the balance?

The following extract from Secretary CHASE'S letter to the Government Agent at Port Royal, shows how AMINADAB is working, and the danger there is of his success:

"It is understood that an association of judicious and humane persons has been formed in Boston, which may act in concert or be consolidated with a similar association in New York and other cities, and that, through the agency of these associations, or one of them, persons may be employed to proceed, with the sanction of the government, to take charge of the abandoned plantations under the general plan suggested by yourself, and which is fully approved by this department."

"You will herewith receive copies of orders addressed to the Quartermaster of New York and the General commanding at Port Royal, directing that transportation and subsistence, with all other proper facilities, be afforded to the persons thus engaged.....it being understood that compensation for services to be rendered will be made by the Association, while subsistence, quarters and transportation only will be furnished by the government, unless Congress shall otherwise provide."

Now, we respectfully pray Congress not to "otherwise provide." Your genuine old Clerical Swindle is the worst of all, and unless this canting scheme of hypocritical philanthropy is carefully sifted, a sore abuse will be perpetrated upon the charity of the People and the Government.

THE AMERICAN LIBERTY BIRD TO THE BLACK EAGLE OF AUSTRIA.

MY DOUBLEFACED COZ,—

From your cindery hue
And split-chicken figure, cut half way in two,
I'm sure in some broil—you've had many a one—
You must have been spatchcocked and much overdone.
In fact from War's Gridiron you've come many a time
With your wings badly burned and your body all grime,
And the wonder to me is, my gravyless bird,
You are not charred to ashes—it is on my word.
NAP the First, you know, gave you particular fits,
In fact carbonadoed you—see Austerlitz,
And Hungary had scorched your singed limbs to a coal
Had the Czar not prevented, she would on my soul.
NAPOLEON the Third next went in with a will,
And didn't he give you an elegant grill!
Still basting your carcase till blacker than sin,
Your back-bone gave out and your gizzard caved in.

Now tell me oh! ornithological guy
Done brown as you are—no, done black, by-the-by—
Is it meet that you send from your infamous nest
A kestrel to harry the plains of the West?
Think you Mexico's Eagle will, heron-like, droop,
Whene'er this young eyas thinks proper to swoop?
Will she fall at the feet of a popinjay king
With her beak in the dust, a poor panic-struck thing?
Or stoop as she stooped in the good days of yore,
When Hispania's twin eagles she drove from her shore.
She'll fight—she's unhooded, beware of the cast,
Believe me old guy she's in earnest at last,
And I'll back her up if her watchword is war,
To the last fiery bolt in my thunder-armed claw.
So let the young eyas, if prudent, be dumb,
For he'll come by the worst if he's not Maxi-mum,
Shut up you old coot now, and don't be absurd,
Yours—you know I can lick you—

THE LIBERTY BIRD.

"Requiescat in Pace."

"Ha! Death again in the Senate?" exclaimed the YOUNGER, in a voice of stern sorrow. "The daily sessions of that august body have of late been interrupted by a singularly frequent recurrence of this calamity!"

"Eh? what calamity? Whose light is quenched now, good youth I prithee?" anxiously demanded the ELDER, suspending the inhalation of a goodly snuff-pinch.

"Alas! venerable friend;" murmured the malicious YOUNGER, "the Congressional Report here sayeth, that yesterday, just as the Senate were about to accomplish something of importance to the crisis, it was officially announced that—'the morning hour had just expired!"

"Now, by the plagues of Egypt!" cried the ELDER wrathfully, "thou deservest for this that I should strike thee on the mazzard!"

But the YOUNGER abode not the stroke.

LOUD TALK.

Parrot Gun (to Powder-Keg)—"WELL, SIR, AND WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE?"
Powder-Keg—"OH, SIR, I'M JUST COME TO SET THE BALL GOING!"

A "Saw" Reset.

Mr. SUMNER's persistence in presenting Emancipation petitions daily to the Senate has suggested to us a notable improvement in an old adage, which we recommend to the honorable Senator and others "of that ilk." We may also call the attention of writing masters to the same, that it may be hence forth 'set as a copy' for the youthful mind to dwell on:—Thus—*Emancipation is the thief of Time!*

An Irish Diamond.

A Chicago paper says that a number of prairie hens have just been sent from that city to England, and that they are intended for the "Royal Hennery."

Upon this an Irish friend of our remarks, that "he thought HENNERY the Eighth was the last of the Royal HENNERIES."

Sofa Talk.

"GEORGE, dear," asked LILY, as she wiled away a sunny hour of the honeymoon with a Persian romance; "GEORGE, dear, what is the City of Mosques?"

"Moscow, my love," replied GEORGE, who is a young man of superior culture and retentive invention.

"Thro' a glass, darkly."

Young FITZ-BOOZY says, the chief difference he sees between a poor U. S. soldier and himself, is, that the soldier goes into his Winter quarters, at the expense of the Government, whereas his—FITZ B's—Winter Quarters all go into him, in the shape of cocktails and similar, at the expense of the "Governor."

SUNDAY SENSATIONISM.

VANITY FAIR learns from the New York *Daily Times* that Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER, the celebrated "Star" Divine, twice brought down the house by his performances on Sunday evening the 9th inst. In a general way there is no harm in bringing down the house. In fact it is rather a good thing to do. But this was the House of God. Mr. B. took his "cue" from the 62nd Chapter of Isaiah, and judging from the sensation he produced, must have "topped his part." The *Times* says

"The conduct of Russia was contrasted with that of England, France and Spain, *so as to draw forth a loud outburst of applause;* and when he spoke of the probability of an American blocking of the European game in Mexico, there was a *second round of enthusiastic concurrence*"

The substitution of cheering, clapping of hands, and stamping, in other words of "loud outbursts of applause" and "enthusiastic concurrence"—for the usual monotonous quiet which prevails in places of worship during divine service, must have had a jolly effect. "The Lord is in His holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before Him" seems to be considered a scriptural Old Fogyism by the lively Apostle of Plymouth Church and his worshipful merrymen. It might be appropriately parodied for that Uproarious Institution after this fashion: "The Star preacher is on his clerical Stage, let all his *claqueurs claque* before him." Shades of the Pilgrims! What would the stern religionists who built the first Plymouth Church have said to such clap-trap? Verily the man who "keeps his eyes and ears open" would soon have had his mouth shut in their day. To use a clerical expression borrowed from the black-leg vocabulary, his "game would have been blocked."

If this sort of thing is continued at Plymouth Church, the Brooklyn Academy of Music may as well be closed. It cannot stand the Sunday competition of its unlicensed rival. What is "I Puritani" to a dramatic performance by a "descendant of the Puritans?" or the "Anvil Chorus" on the stage to the stamping of two thousand feet, and the clapping of two thousand hands in the auditorium of a meeting house?

VANITY FAIR has private as well as public reasons for complaining of these Sabbath harlequinades. Motley in the pulpit on Sunday interferes with the week-day interests of a humorous publication.

AN IMPORTANT LETTER.

DEAR VANITY FAIR—Here are a few questions—have you got the answers?

I. Is it proper for an old lady, at whom a saucy street boy has thrown a snowball, to pursue the offender with a view to handing him over to the police, or ought she first to hunt up a policeman, with a view to getting the boy arrested if he can be found?

II. Suppose several saucy street boys were to fire at an old lady simultaneously from different points and then "peg off"—which culprit had she best offer to wreak her vengeance on?

III. If an old lady were by some means or other lucky enough to lay hold of a little recreant snowballer, would civil and moral law justify her in shaking him, say four times, pulling his hair and ears, or boxing the latter, until he hollered?

IV. Would an urchin of the nomadic order be at all likely to resort to personal violence himself under such circumstances, and punch the elderly dame in the nose, or paint her peepers?

V. Does the temptation common to youth to throw a snowball at an old lady arise from the fact that an old lady is an excellent target, or from the fact that throwing snowballs is bully fun?

VI. Was there ever an instance of an old lady being massacred by a party of malicious snowballers?

POTAMUS.

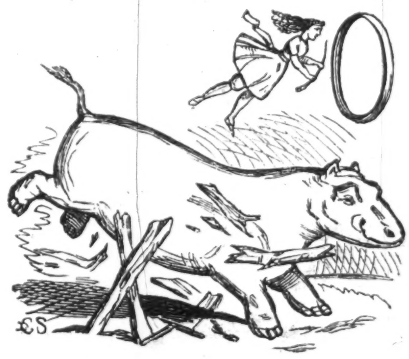
REPLY—We have sent for Superintendent KENNEDY, a respectable old lady from Brooklyn Heights, and a Bowery boy of eight Winters. We intend to have them hear POTAMUS's queries and settle them definitely if possible before the next snow storm. POTAMUS is requested to be patient.

Vanity Fair.

Only a Hint.

By late accounts from the South, we are informed that the retreating Rebels intended making a stand at a place called Skidaway, near Savannah. Taking into consideration the speed hitherto displayed by the army of the South in progressing backwards, however, we should say that Scudaway would be a more appropriate name for the place in question.

A WONDERFUL ESCAPE.



FTEN, ere now, goose pimples have risen on the skins of the brave. The flesh of men of iron has been known to creep. Valor sometimes oozes through the palms of persons overflowing with it.

New York was in a funk. The *Merrimac* was reported outside. It was supposed she would turn the commercial emporium inside out. She had breakfasted *à la fourchette* on the *Cumberland*, dined on the *Congress*, and as we had no such tubs to throw to the whale she was expected to sup on the Empire City.

What opposition could we offer to this Colossus of Roads, steam-legged and iron-booted? The outer forts might have done something, but the guns were in a sweet condition, being honeycombed. Some semi-lunatics suggested that the cannon of the half moon battery at Governor's Island might be able to beat off the iron intruder, but on inquiry it was found that what had been taken for Dahlgrens peeping out from the embrasures, were only "quakers." Nothing could be done, and was done accordingly. Meanwhile night was coming on, and the prospect darkened.

The panic increased! Marine Assurance went up; popular assurance went down. The value of vessels in the harbor declined to that degree that the owners would have given MORGAN twenty-five per cent to take them at half price. The great ship-owners, anticipating the fate of their craft, began to pray. The Board of Commerce broke out into a cold sweat, and the Board of Underwriters became hysterical. The night wore on dismally.

What could be done? Several solid men of great strategic skill proposed to tear down the Sandy Hook Pharos and block up the Narrows with the materials—thus at once putting out the light and obstructing the passage—a manœuvre sometimes practised with wonderful effect in domestic life.

But there wasn't time to do it. The "iron monster" was reported below. This might have been satisfactory had she not simultaneously been reported as coming up. This being the case, the "Great Interests" had nothing for it but to sit shuddering in the dark, waiting for daylight and destruction—which they did.

Providence was considerate enough to disappoint them. The reported "monster" turned out to be the steamer *S. Low*, a very Slow concern indeed, which brought the pleasant intelligence that the *Monitor* was believed to be pitching merrily into the *Merrimac*, and about the same time the lightning announced a thundering hole in the rebel Ironsides. As soon as the result of the action was known, the re-action was beautiful. The erected hair of the metropolis subsided. The teeth of the commercial world no longer chattered. Marine Assurance recovered its cheek. Shipping interest ordered its flags up from half mast, and shouted "who's afraid!"

The entrepôt of the Western world was saved; so was Jersey City; so were Weehawken, the Navy Yard and STEVENS's Battery.

It was a great moral triumph. But Heaven forbid that the courage of our merchants should ever again be subjected to such a terrible test. We were within an ace of a stone blockade!

"Glass put in," &c.

JEFF. DAVIS has proclaimed martial law in and around Richmond and Norfolk, and charged one WINDER with the execution thereof.

It is possible that a bright look-out may be kept for a while from this rebel WINDER, assisted by the fast fading light of treason.

But we trust it will not be "for long." Our advancing armies will soon, we hope, deprive the traitorous WINDER of his "sash," relieve him of his "panes"—we should say pains—and replace them by the better "frame" of constitutional law and order, and the clearer "lights" of loyalty and liberty. Amen!

Motto for a dish of "Smiling Potatoes."

Simper Paratus!

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.—No. 9.

FROM GENERAL PRICE.

VANITY FAIR.—

DEAR SIR:—On second thoughts I won't take the trouble to date my letter, as in all probability—if I don't get shot—I shall be two or three hundred miles south of this by the time it reaches you, and dates are not of much account with one whose habits are so exceedingly migratory. But I have long considered it a duty I owe myself to address you, as I have a natural wish to stand well before the world—though I confess I don't stand well before that part of the world commanded by Gen. HALLECK—and V. F. can put me *en rapport* with it.

About the beginning of the campaign I was seized with a serious disorder of the liver—which my physician informed me had turned entirely white—and was assured by him that in travel alone could I hope to find permanent relief. This he strictly enjoined should be combined with exercise of a vigorous kind, such as running, etc. With death—and the Union forces—staring me in the face, you won't think it strange I should have obeyed orders—uniting patriotism with gymnastics as I best could, and meanwhile proving the natural courage of my heart by issuing the most valiant and trumpet-tongued proclamations. These moving appeals—for they have mostly been written on the run—are before the world.

Though my liver continues obstinate, I have at least been permitted to gratify the longing which has possessed me since childhood to see my native land. I have passed over portions of it a trifle too hastily for careful observation, but still—having traversed so vast a tract—I am enabled to verify my original surmise, which was to the effect that it extended over a considerable portion of the inhabitable globe. And I am happy to inform you that I can also testify to the truth of the saying, that travel expands the mind. For now, I see what asses we have been; and I confess I should be glad for one to get back into the true fold, by hook or by crook—a means resorted to by FLOYD with a contrary purpose; for then, with other advantages of the change I should be enabled to travel more at leisure, and thus, by choosing my own times for exercise, facilitate my recovery. I shall embrace the first decent pretext for surrendering. As the way is rough, and my horse—on whose back I am writing this—begins to stumble, I must close—though not with the enemy.

Exercise or death!

PRICE.

AN ARTISTIC SHELL.

An army officer asserts that, during the fight at Roanoke Island a Mr. SCHELL, an artist on the staff of one of the New York illustrated papers, remained sitting on a log, sketching, under the hottest fire from Fort Defiance. His coolness did much towards inspiring our troops.

Much as the conduct of Mr. SCHELL is to be admired, it can be truly said that it is an unusual quality for any Shell to remain cool under a hot fire, and it is therefore but reasonable to infer from his not going off *instanter*, that he had been charged not to do so by some tampering Government contractor; for it is well-known that many of our shells have been found filled with SAND, while others had such imperfect fuzes that it became necessary to refuse them. As to the confidence with which our troops were inspired by this phenomenon of a shell upon a log, they doubtless believed the latter to be a harmless counterpart of the "counterfeit presentment" of a rebel gun once found on Munson's Hill, and the shell, of course, likewise a wooden one. Hence, apprehending no danger, they kept their courage up. It is to their credit, however, that they did not flinch when they afterwards discovered the difference between the great pine-log gun, and the destructive guns of Roan-oake.

"Sweets to the Sweet."

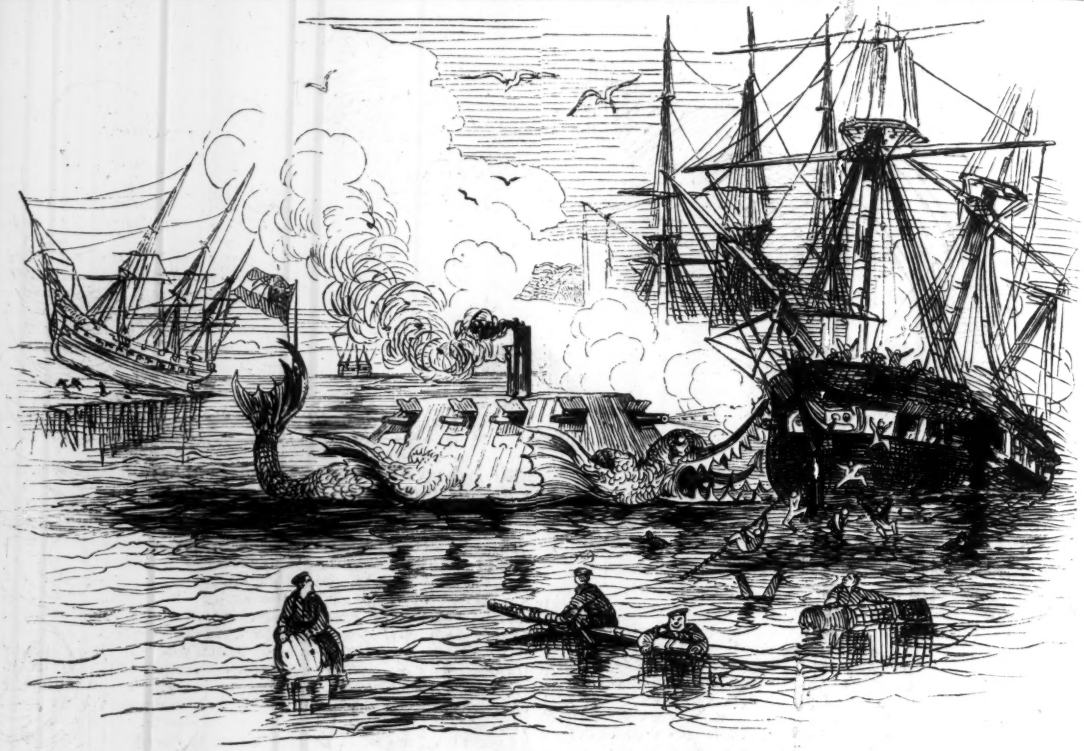
"Sugar Creek! O! name most fitting!" cried the YOUNGER gaily, dropping another lump in his tumbler.

"It may be so," quoth the ELDER; "but by this light! I see not the relevancy——"

"Sir," put in the YOUNGER quickly, "'tis most fitting, since when CURTIS poured upon the Rebels of PRICE thereat, these melted straight away!"

"Now, out on thee for a malapert boy!" growled the ELDER, taking his flip at a single draught: then he added, with a twinkle in his grey eye,—"'Twas the stir-up CURTIS gave the rascals, that caused their sudden dissolvence!"

"Anan!" murmured the YOUNGER, under his breath.



THE WONDERFUL ECONOMY OF WOODEN SHIPS!

ABOUT SOMEBODY.

"We suppose ourselves to be violating no confidence,"—as the editors of the dailies diurnally remark—when we adapt to present circumstances a well-known passage from HUDIBRAS, and say:

"Ah me! what perils the tar environ
Whose ship is not well cased with iron."

Such a craft was the unhappy *Cumberland;* such, also, the ill-fated *Congress;* such, also—how many more and their names we are at present unable to tell, as our clairvoyant young man is suffering from weak second sight, owing to cold caught by him while peeping through the windy keyhole of the Future.

Unless Somebody is a promising pupil of the sulphureous pedagogue known as the Father of Lies, Congress, rather than the Navy Department, is accountable for the loss of these ships. Somebody states that the Secretary of the Navy long since applied to Congress for $15,000,000, to be expended in the construction of iron-mailed ships—gun-boats, rams, batteries, cheese-boxes, anything you choose to call them. Somebody proceeds to say that Congress—the Senate, we believe—threw the proposition overboard, as if it was a shell, with a fuze instead of an oyster in it. Congress No. 1 could not see the necessity for providing against a possibility so possible as the *Merrimac*, and so, poor *Congress* No. 2 suffered for that wilful and woful obtuseness, and unhappily came in for the "blowing up" deserved, how much more richly! by the gossipping old godfather who gave her a name.

Had Congress, or Somebody—the Senate is a Body and considers itself Some—not tripped up the obvious project of ships-in-armor, both the *Cumberland* and the *Congress* would now, in all probability, have been something better than the mere rubbish they were when the *Merrimac* shot them down to mend Hampton Roads. Congress, then—or Somebody—has the hecatomb of lives sacrificed when the *Cumberland* went down to answer for. Suffering justly for its sins of omission, the Senate will forever be haunted by the phantom figure of the shattered *Congress*—a dread, wooden apparition, staring horribly with its flaming and blood-shot dead-eyes, as it gurgles up from its kelson these remarkable words: "I died for want of Iron, because you were close-fisted with your Gold you slack-jaw land-lubbers!"

Probably, Congress will now try to patch up matters by voting, the money for the metal ships; but that will not bring back the *Cumberland* and its dead, nor the *Congress* and its dead, nor all the wooden ships and their dead that may yet go up into the air and down into the deep, before provision can be made for meeting iron with iron.

There was a fat old driveller, once upon a time—an overfed and overpaid old imbecile, who rendered himself infamous to all futurity by neglecting to lock the stable door until after the burglarious abduction of the charger entrusted to his charge.

To that fatuous numskull Somebody is analogous; and we shall not be very much disappointed if Somebody doesn't like the comparison.

If it was the Senatorial Committee that threw over the project of iron-clad ships, Old Fogyism stalks rampant through the land, and squats at Washington. The pursuivant of olden time—and what a motley Old Fogy was he!—used to say that "metal upon metal is false heraldry:" perhaps our Old Fogies at Washington take that for a principle—but what say you, gentlemen, to metal upon wood?

Everybody wants to know, now, who Somebody is, but the only indication we can at present give of his entity is, that he persists in doing Nobody good between the Navy Department and the Senate, as Anybody may see.

Con. by an Incensed Editor.

What resemblance is there between a Censer in a church and a Censor in a telegraph office?

Both, when they have their full swing, incense the people.

Isn't it Surprising?

Although the Secretary of the Navy manages his department in a Wellesly way, nobody thinks of comparing him to the Duke of Wellington!

A "Ration"-al Adage.

"None but the brave deserve the fare!"

LOUIS NAPOLEON COOKING HIS POT POURRI.

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM MC ARONE.

WASHINGTON, March 18th.

DEAR VANITY :—I am both surprised and shocked by the condemnatory judgment of the Congressional Committee upon my actions and the motives thereof.

All I desire is to vindicate myself, and make Government beg my pardon. This is easily done....maybe.

It is alleged that I bought muskets without locks, and paid high prices for them. The following note will show whether I was wrong in so doing, or not :

DEPARTMENT OF THE WEST, Jan. 20.

DEAR MAC :—The Rebels threaten us, and we *must* have more men in Kentucky. Send me 2,000 men just for appearances. It will intimidate the enemy. Truly Yours,

SNOOKS, Colonel.

It will be observed that these men were wanted "just for appearances." What good are gun-locks in such a case? At a little distance, muskets look exactly as well without. Yet the Committee censure me for not sending arms that could be used. To be sure, the men were defeated, but can you expect a General to be always successful?

As for prices, muskets without locks are properly "arms," and arms are worth money. $22 apiece was what others paid for "arms," and I paid no more for these.

About the spoon business; what if I did pocket spoons out in Tennessee? It was a military necessity. This telegram, from a highly respectable gentleman of New York, will throw some light upon the transaction:

NEW YORK, Jan. 28.

DEAR MC ARONE :—Old silver is in great demand. Have you any? BAGGY JOE.

It is unjustly charged that I ran away from the enemy at Snag Swamp, in Kentucky. It is false. My troops did not run at all. They rode in the baggage-wagons, The reason for the retreat was strong enough, I should think, to satisfy even a Committee. Here is a literal copy of the Rebel officer's dispatch to me :

SNAG SWAMP, Monday.

GENERAL MC ARONE :—Sir; if you do not evacuate this village in two hours, I shall shell you out.

ST. GEORGENDRAGON, Gen. Com'g.

Now, I wonder how the gentlemen of the Committee would like to remain in a little town of wooden houses, when it was about to be shelled. This message I consider as imperative. The Committee be blowed.

Among other trifles bitterly complained of and magnified, is the fact that I broke open several Kentucky banks and carried off the specie without giving account of it to anybody. These letters of mine to different individuals, will prove how absolutely necessary the movement was:

I.

KENTUCKY, Feb. 10.

DEAR LINCOLN :—Can you lend me two dollars till 4th of July? If so, send, pre-paid, by mail.

MC ARONE.

II.

SMITH BROTHERS :—Gentlemen; your bill came to hand yesterday. I can not settle at present, for want of money.

MC ARONE.
KENTUCKY, Feb. 15.

III.

PRIVATE SEARS, Co. A, 12th. Reg. N. Y. S. M :—My dear boy; send me fifty cents, per bearer. I'll pay you as soon as I can.

MC ARONE.

IV.

Publishers VANITY FAIR :—Send me some money. M. A.

Now, let me ask, what could I do? There were the banks, with money in them; there was I, with none. Put this and that together, and you will see that the action was one of vast stragetic importance.

The Committee evince a disposition to hunt me down too mercilessly. In time of War we should prepare for Peace, and when peace comes, I shall have nothing to live on. See?

I can not account for my purchase of five thousand horses at $150 apiece, selling them at $2,50 each, and buying them again at $76. It may have been done during a temporary aberration of intellect. I should think it quite likely. My grandfather used to have fits, I know.

The horses belonged to my uncle. I sold them to his daughter's husband.

But my reputation can not be tainted by any such underhand charges. Myself, and the officers and men and contractors with me, were actuated only by a desire to serve the country &c., &c., and I feel assured that this is realized by all my personal friends in the West and elsewhere.

If I get once out of this scrape, I will lick every man of that Committee the first chance I get. Meanwhile, how can I get some good cheap newspaper....the *Tribune*, for instance....to do my blowing?

MC ARONE.

JONATHAN ON THE RAMPAGE.

By thunder! haöw it shakes a feller up
To m ke him whop araöund so in his feelin's :
Fust p'r'aps he's tickled; then he feels so bad
The cus he ain't wo'th *shucks*, or tater-peelin's.

It's on'y t'other day the glor'is noos
It sot me all of a trimble; fust and last
I must 'a' yelled nigh onto a thaöusan' times :
No buckle couldn't 'a' hild my traöusis fast.

My patience, wot a change! Sence that news come
Baöut the *Merrimac* a-mowin' sich a swath
An' scairin' folks—way up as far as Noo York—
I've jest b'en sick enough for chick'n broth.

It's jest the way the hull darned war's b'en fit ;—
We've sot an' *laaft* at rebel enterprise :
An' fust we know'd we've got an awful wipe
By jest the thing we've wantid to dispise.

Wut fun they made o' HOLLINS's Steam Ram!—
But w'en that Ram come buttin' daöwn the river
The blaästid boastin' fools, they cut 'n' run
As ef the Devil 'd sot 'em in a quiver!

So 'twooz in Hampton Roads two weeks ago
The fools in epperlets, there, daöwn t' Munroe,
Heerd wut the *Merrimac* wooz gunteh deö,
But sot an' *grinned*, an' said, "I want to know!"

Them stoopid wooden friggits lay araöund,
Ready I s'pose to sink the thing, fust pop :
'S ef *iron* wa'n't *iron*, w'ether on *Merrimacs*
Or *Monitors*,—frum wutever forgin'-shop!

An' wut's the sekel? W'y, in 'baöut a twinklin',
One on 'em 's sunk an' t'other's sarved wuss yit :
The *Minnesota* 'd gone the same way teöo,
Ef WORDEN's Battery hedn't come an' fit.

That battery ought to 'a' *b'en* there all the w'ile!
They ought to 'a' hed it done six months ago!
An' haälf-a-dozen more, as *strong ag'in*!
Instid o' sneerin' at an American foe!

Wal, let's be glad the *Monitor* wooz *there!*—
But we must hev *more Monitors!* 'Two'n't *deo*
To trust to *luck*, w'en such a *sartinty*
As that darned ship keeps sailin' into view!

W'ere's that air STEVENS's consarn they tell of,—
That's sunk so much—although it's high an' dry?
Let's git her aöut ef it takes a mint to deö it!
An' jest for a *change* like,—let's be so 't 'o *spry!*

We needn't think, becuz the Western noos
Shows PRICE is runnin ag'n, we've settled the hash
Of the C. S. A.—We've got to lose more men
An' fiddle away considabel more cash.

By mighty! Gover'ment hes got to laärn
It ain't no *Greaser* tribe we're fightin' ag'in!
We fit fust-rate in 'Forty-six : but *naow*
We've got to fight *fust-rater* 'fore we win!

"This, Our Sister."

"That's a wretchedly careless maid," complained the Landlady; "she has gone off to market without cleaning the parlor a bit. I wish she might never return!"

"Say rather, Madame," replied the Little Joker, "that you wish she might Return to Dust!"

STEALING A MARCH.

The "Old Woman."—"AH, HA!—YOUR'E THERE?—YOU'LL HAVE TO MAKE LESS NOISE THAN THAT IF YOU WANT TO COME HOME UNKNOWNST TO ME, AFTER MIDNIGHT!"

A SONG IN THE GOOD OLD STYLE.

I.

Ho! lasses on the green who dance
Avert your hearts to-day,
Nor favor with a winning glance
Rebellion's wild array:
But ever, should the South wind bring
Love-strains unto you, turn and sing
Unto the high-strung Chick-er-ing
So——
"No mo smiles for those who strow
Wreaths where Treason passes,
Sweet-heart lips for them no mo,
Ne mo love mo lasses."

II.

Call thus on CUPID: "Snatch thy quiver,
Thy twanging bow draw tight,
And by Potomac's gleaming river
The dreary foemen smite:"
And ever thus, now high now low,
Let the same roundelay you know
Unto the jingling ban-di jo
Go——
"No mo smiles for those who strow
Wreaths where Treason passes,
Sweet-heart lips for them no mo,
Ne mo love mo lasses."

A Complete Kit for our soldiers in New Mexico.

KIT CARSON.

"Men of the Time."

In a new edition of a book with the above title, just published by the ROUTLEDGES, we find a notice of ELIZABETH BLACKWELL, which is all right, of course; but, by some unaccountable oversight, the name of FANNY FERN has been omitted from the list.

JACK DAVIS.

During the attack on Elizabeth City, one of the shells that rattled about the U. S. steamer *Valley City* entered the magazine and fell near an open barrel of powder. JOHN DAVIS, the Gunner's Mate, immediately sat down upon the barrel, which he kept thus covered until the flames were extinguished. *Daily Papers.*

O wild was the scene
In the ship's magazine,
As the tars broached a powder-keg in it,
When a shell, hissing hot,
That came right to the spot
Would have blown them sky-high in a minute,

But for jolly JACK DAVIS
Who squatted, to save his
Messmates, on the barrel of powder,
While the shot and the shell
Round the good ship that fell
Whizzed and rattled like hail, only louder.

"But," says DAVIS, "no matter,
Let the darned things clatter,
Stern duty's the thing for a sailor,
So I'll sit and I'll sit
Till we blow up or split,
As tight as a journeyman tailor."

Then let Congress that sits
With contractors, by fits,
On gunpowder, vote some compensation
To that *rara avis*
The Gunner's Mate DAVIS
Who sat on it—with reputation.

Neptunian.

There is an old saying that "oil is assuaging to troubled waters"—which, perhaps, accounts for the fact that so many swells of the seedy kind put great quantities of it upon their hair.

"Shakespeare!"

A newspaper paragraph informs the public that Lieut. FYFFE, U. S. N. has been put under suspension by the commanding officer of the *Saranac*, for drunkenness. Breathes there an individual with soul so indifferent to the blandishments of Wit, as to fail of discerning the association between "FYFFE under suspension" and the "Wry-necked Fife" of the perpetual gentleman whose name appears at the head of these lines?

A Neat Thing in Mythology.

"What is the proper name of ERICSSON's famous Steam Ram? the *Monitor*, or the *Minotaur?*" asked JOHN DOUGH of RICHARD ROUGH, the other day.

"The *Monitor*, of course, you jibbering cretin!" replied R. R., who is plainspoken, though classical; "don't you see that it would be a Bull to call a Ram the *Minotaur?*"

The Difference.

An old English hunting song tells us that "the Lark springs from the Corn."

On this side of the Atlantic the Lark generally springs from the Corn whiskey.

The Music of the Hemispheres.

To the armies of the East, Looting is a favorite accompaniment, while with our armies on this Continent, Fifing is more the fashion.

A Forty Piano-Power Con.

Q. Why is a man going East from New York by steamboat like GOTTSCHALK the Pianist?

A. Because he travels on the SOUND.

"Playing Dummy."

The heroine of Miss MATILDA HERON's new play has, comparatively, so very little to say that the title of the piece had better be altered, we think, to "The Dumb—Belle of the Season."

WAR TALK AMONG THE LADIES.

THE steady batch of war news—good news—that was served up hot thro' out last week occasioned unusual excitement among the ladies. VANITY FAIR has been struck with the eccentric notions common to every little dear concerning the campaign, but never was his attention more decidedly attracted by them than since the memorable Union victory at Hampton Roads. Ladies are always more enthusiastic about such things than are the creatures whom they most adore. We never knew a real womanly lady who read further than the display headings in the dallies. As a rule a man will observe that his especial favorite finds her most refreshing news in the matrimonial, natal, and obituary columns, and her amusement in the absurdities of the "Personal" and "Bosom Partners Wanted," departments of the leading journals. Fort Sumter, Bull Run, MASON & SLIDELL, Fort Donelson, and the *Monitor* and *Merrimac* elicited unbounded interest, however, in crinoline circles, and the peculiarities of this very interest itself may be called unusually interesting. You must never attempt to correct any wrong impressions that your lady friends may have formed of this that or the other heroic circumstance.

You must never tell your wife that the members of the 1000th Regiment did not one and all jump gallantly across the Tennessee river, and land their great seven-league boots on the sconces of a regiment of rebels in Fort Donelson. Should you attempt to trim her simple facts, she will perhaps become infinitely disgusted with the war, the 1000th Regiment, General MCCLELLAN and yourself.

VANITY FAIR has been told repeatedly during the past few days by some of the most winning of their sex that the *Merrimac* carried four thousand guns, several feet measurement, a crew of eighty thousand men, eight feet high, and all celebrated as midnight assassins, poisoners, child-eaters and bad characters generally. The *Merrimac*, had she escaped, would undoubtedly have levelled New York and Brooklyn in fifteen minutes, and had the inhabitants carted away over land to Richmond. But the *Monitor* was the DAVID to this formidable GOLIATH, and slew him (or her, to keep up the marine distinction of sex.) The *Monitor*, say the dear girls, is a trifle bigger than a saloon parlor, and carries only two little bits of guns, and four men besides Captain WORDEN, Chief Engineer STIMERS, Assistant Engineer NEWTON, and the steward. Yet the *Monitor* fired five shots a second for a whole morning at the *Merrimac* and drove that dreadful creature back to the region of the Dismal Swamp, where she belonged.

Hence the *Monitor* is a duck of a boat, a dear, darling, little craft, and belongs to the "Oh—isn't—she—sweet?" class. It is impossible to refute the assertion of one well-posted charmer that the *Monitor* generally sails about fifteen feet under water, and that she dived under the keel of the *Merrimac* and bored a few wrought-iron ball holes in her hull far below the water mark. It is equally impossible to deny the cheerful statement made by another equally gifted beauty, that the lively little *Monitor* turned summersaults in the very face of the raging enemy, and would have made grimaces of a provoking character had her countenance been more mobile than wrought-iron countenances generally are. These and similar pleasing ideas go to convince us that there is nothing especially impossible for the Union arms, either by land or sea, in the eyes of our admired admirers—and JOHNNY who has "gone for a soldier," and JACK who has shipped for a tar, may feel perfectly sure that the greater their deeds of startling heroism the greater will be their credit with the girls they have left behind them.

"Spouting Wretches."

A Pawnbroker's customers.

THE TAX LEVY.

HOW IT WORKS ON VANITY FAIR!!

CONUNDRUMS REDUCED!!!

Indignation Meeting!!!

THE PUBLISHER RELENTS!!!!!

ALL ENDS HAPPILY!!!!

etc., etc., etc.

On Wednesday last the following notice was posted conspicuously in the "new and spacious" office of VANITY FAIR.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

In consequence of the recent heavy tax imposed by Congress upon the Press, the Publisher of VANITY FAIR finds himself obliged to reduce the price of conundrums, which, in future, will be paid for at the rate of $6.00 per doz.

The little group of Vanity Fairies that gathered about this "Notice" was filled with the greatest indignation at the revolting intelligence contained in the last line of the same. Cries of "blood! blood!" resounded through the hall, and a wild rush was made for the Publisher, who only eluded the fury of his pursuers by dodging behind his subscription list. The baffled contributors then retired in a body to the inner sanctum, upon which the Publisher came forth from his hiding place and made good his escape by letting himself down to the street by the rope in the hoistway.

The first paroxysm of rage being passed, the contributors cooled down somewhat, and concluded to have recourse to less violent measures than those they had at first adopted. An indignation meeting was accordingly resolved upon, and the Brawny Editor—who has been a contributor himself and sympathizes with that much abused class—was called to the chair. A record of the proceedings of the meeting is herewith appended.

THE CHAIRMAN briefly stated the purpose of the meeting. An invasion had been made upon the "sacred soil" of revenue. The price of conundrums had been reduced from $12. to $6.00 per dozen. This item of reduction was a slight one in itself, but it was evidently the precursor of others of a more devastating nature. His own salary might be the next point of attack. It behooved every one, therefore, to resist this reduction with vigor. Editor and contributors were now banded together in a movement to save their mutual bacon, and, for himself, he was willing and ready to "die on the last flitch." ("Hear, hear" and cries of "hunkey boy!")

"THE SERIOUS CONTRIBUTOR" rose to inquire if the Chairman intended a joke in his concluding remark.

THE CHAIR decided that the inquiry was out of order.

"THE UNDERSIGNED" rose to propose "drinks all around." (cheers.)

THE CHAIR decided that such propositions were always in order. (MAXIMILLIAN, the office-boy, was sent out for the required refreshment.)

THE AUTHOR OF THE "CONFESSIONS OF AN OMNIBUS HORSE" wanted to know if the word "conundrums" in the Publisher's pronunciamento included in its meaning squibs, sallies, squirts, flings, *jeux d'esprit* and "two liners."

THE WELL-DRESSED CONTRIBUTOR had no doubt that such was the case. The Publisher was mean enough for anything.

"X" (Dem., the hero of a thousand jokes) thought it was an outrage. He had heretofore been able to dine very comfortably on one conundrum. It would cost him two if the Publisher's high-handed proceeding was submitted to.

THE WELL-DRESSED CONTRIBUTOR said that he was then engaged upon a series of jokes calculated to startle the universe, and which were sure to be copied in every exchange paper on the face of the globe, from the heights of Popocatapetl to the mines of Siberia. He should feel constrained, however, to stop work on them under the circumstances.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE CONFESSIONS, ETC" said that the price of jokes should be increased rather than diminished. He had found it very difficult to make a joke of late. He was frequently compelled to go up on the roof of his boarding-house and exercise for hours on the simplest joke before he could bring it to perfection.

"THE UNDERSIGNED" said that he labored under the same disadvantage. He had recently gone into "training" again, and made a habit of lifting the most ponderous witticisms he could obtain, every morning, before breakfast. He expected soon to be able to "put up" one of *Punch's* 250-pounders with great ease. He was very bitter in his remarks on the proposed reduction.

THE GENTLEMAN WHO WRITES THE SONNETS—(he has a mild, blue